By MATTHEW F. MAURY.

Back into the dim and dusky precincts of the past extend the annals of West-minster Abbey, England's royal burial place, and coronation hall, where repose the ashes of unnumbered mighty dead, where from Norman William to Edward VII., British sovereigns, seated on the Stone of Scone, were invested with the symbols of dominion.

symbols of dominion.

What time upon the Isle of Thorns, in Thames mid-stream, Apolio's Temple fell, where lay the bones of mythical Bladud of Bath; or legendary Lucius, founder of St. Peter's here; or Saxon Sebert's burial in this sacred soil, are matters much obscured in mists of ancient history. To Edward the Confessor, last of Saxon line and first of Norman, belongs the honor of founding Westminster Abbey, impelled thereto by his vow to visit St. Peter's grave at Rome, from which the Pope released him on condition of his erecting in his own land a memorial to that saint. What more fitting site than the ruined Saxon edifice, bearing the Apostle's name in the Thorny Isle, on the bosom of the lordly Thames, hard by the g.owing city, and blessed with a sandy, healthful soil and sweet springs of pure water! Legends galore cluster about the foundation of "The Collegiate Church of St. Peter," as first it was called. Suffice the fact, that fifteen years in building, upon it was epent one-tenth of the property of the kingdom to make it a marvel of its kind. Yet scarcely was the sacred editice dedicated ere the royal founder succumbed to mortal sickness on the 5th of January, 1995, and himself lies buried in the centre of the great memorial.

Such is the story of the foundation of What time upon the Isle of Thorns, in

morial sickness on the bit of January, 2056, and himself lies buried in the centre of the great memorial.

Such is the story of the foundation of the stately edifice, upon whose massive towers and overwhelming bulk the visitor, mindful of its great antiquity, gazes in reverent awe. "The vast political pageants, of which it has been the theatre, the dust of the most worldly hid side by side with the dust of the most suntily, the wrangles of divines or statesmen, which have disturbed its sacred peace, the clash of arms which have pursued fugitive warriors and pines into the shades of its sanctuary, even the traces of Westminster boys who have played in its cloisters and inscribed their names on its walls, belong to the story of the Abbey no less than its venerable beauty, its solemn services and its lofty appirations."

Once within the sacred pile the strang-

beauty, its solemn services and its lotty opirations."
Once within the sacred pile the stranger's wandering steps lead to Poet's Corner, which occupies the end of the southern transept. "I have always observed," writes Washington Irving, "that the visitors to the Abbey remain longest about the slapple memorials in Poet's Corner. A kinder and fonder feeling takes the place of that cold curlosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendld monuments of the great and the Leroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of triends and companions."

From a single tomb—that of Geoffrey replendld monuments of the great and the Leroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of triends and companions."

From a single tomb—that of Geoffrey Chaucer in the year 1400—the spot derives the origin of its peculiar glory. Favorite of Richard II., whose good-will Henry IV., his successor continued, Chaucer was in at sense a member of the Royal House. 17td, at the time of his death occupying a tenement within the precincts of the Abbey, which circumstance secured repose for his remains at the entrance to Et. Benedic's Chapel, where functionaries of the Monastery were beginning to be interred. Originally only a plain stab marked the grave, even this being sawn up when Dryden's monument was exceted, and it was not for one hundred and fifty years—until the reign of Edward VI—that the present tomb was raised, containing originally a portrait of the poet, now replaced by a palnited window above with his medallion and seenes from his life and poems.

Thither was borne Edmund Spenser, first of that splendid galaxy of Elizabethan poets who graced her Golden Reign. What a funeral cortege, in which attended Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, and in all probability Shakespeare himself. "The great Spenser keeps the entry of the church in a plain stone tomb, but his works are more glorious than all the marbles and brass monuments w...in."

Loud was the cry that the Bard of Avon should find his resting place—when he died in the year 15th—among such goodly company; but he lies buried at Stratford. Who indeed could read the poet's own anathema on any: Who should move his bones or dig his dust," and have the temerity to disturb his rest; Beliated recognition of his genius, how ever, in the following century—in 1740—prompted the erection of his statue in the Abbey was by virtue of youth and old

"Where?" asked the king. In This minster Abbey," replied Johnson, This is one explanation of the story that he is one explanation of the story that he was buried standing upright. Another is that he might be the more ready for the resurrection. He lies in the north aisle of the nave, with this inscription on him, in a pavement square of blue marble: "O, rare Ben Johnson!" To-day the stone is fitted into the wall, while the medallion in Peet's Corner immediately adjoins Spenser's. By a mistake of the sculptor the buttons were set on the left side of the coat. Hence this epigram:
"O, rare Ben Johnson—what, a turncoat grown!

Thou ne'er wast such till clad in stone;

Thou ne'er wast such till clad in stone;

The present a king, who jut only fights buttles, but wins them."

John Gay, the author of the Fables, upon whose stone appear these words; "Life is a jest, and all things show it; I thought it once, but now it."

Thomas Gray, though buried at Stoke Pogis, which he has rendered immortal by his Elegy, has here his memorial near Milton.



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Then let not this disturb thy sprite, another age shall set thy buttons right. The simple bust and pedestal of John Dryden mark the spot long regarded as the most interesting in Poet's Corner, in state, his "descring reliques" lay in the College of Physicians. There on the lath of, May, 1760, a Latin eulogy was prounced by Sir Samuel Gartin, himself at once a poet and physician, and thence "an abundance of quality in their coaches and six horses" accompanied the hears once a poet and physician, and thence "the father of modern English poetry, whose gravestone was actually sawn asunder to make room for Dryden's monument.

Opposite is the bust of Shadwell, victim of Dryden's monument.

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Opposite is the bust of Shadwell, victim of Dryden's monument in that Hali atter wrote:

"Others to some faint meaning make prelence,"

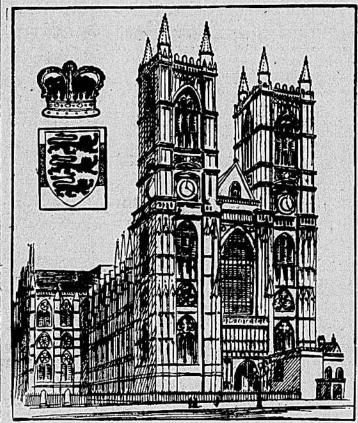
But Shadwell never deviates into sense."

Time was that the great John Millton's name could not be ongraved on the wails of Westminster Abbey—so bitter was Royalist feeling. Years passed, and in the woods, and for their nexible rubber soles of leather's shoes soon wear smooth in the woods, and your hard heels, of course, the placing of his statue in Poet's Corner, with an inscription from the tempes of Westminster.

About these brilliant stars cluster, like stilled the state of the monument of the state of the monument of the monument of the force of truth and of Fame to him, whose name was once the control of the force of the monument of the force of the monument of the force of the

Babington, Lord Macaulay, at the fect of Joseph Addison, whose character and genius none had painted as he; of that other profound admirer of the "Spectator," the peerless novelist, William Makupeace Thackeray; of Charles Dickens, upon whose grave flowers were strewn by unknown hands, tears were shed by the por and humble who loved him living and who mourned him dead; and of many another English name of letters and of learning whose ashes here repose in Britain's great Valhalla!

MATTHEW F. MAURY.



#### WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

That holds thy ashes and expects her

Deane! St. Evremonde, patriarch of the wits of Charles II.'s reign; Brown, the satirist and essayist.

satirist and essayist.

Only in the last century appeared in Poet's Corner the image of the great Mr. Addison. Skilfully graven, representing him, as we conceive him, clad in his dressing gown and freed from his wig. stepping from the parlor at Chelsea into the trim little garden, in one hand the account of the Everlasting Club just finished for the next day's Spectator. hilke, connected the shadow of St. Margaret's much close by. It is said he petitioned in Charles 1. on one occasion for a on. What is it?" said the king. "Give 2 eighteen inches of square grounds." Where?" asked the king. "In West-Inster Abbey." replied Johnson, This one explanation of the story that he one explanation of the story that he one explanation of St. Another is moved round the shrine of St. Edward and the graves of the Plantagenets to the standing upright.

In the Historical Aisle, as it has been called, of Poet's Corner lie Casaubon, of great learning! Camen, prince of English antiquity, and Isaac Barrow, "best scholar

called, of Poec's Corner is Casadon, of great learning Camden, prince of English antiquity, and Isaac Barrow, "best scholar in England."

Across the transept stands the monument to Busby, for fifty-eight years the sovere masters of Westminster school, "His pupils," said a profane wit, "when they come by, look as pale as his marble in remembrance of his severe exactions," While Sir Roger de Coverley, standing by Busby's tomb, exclaimed; "Doctor Busby's a great man—whilpped my grand-father—a very great man!"

Here was placed the memorial to Oliver Goldsmith, Dear Noll! Whom to know was to love, "He deserved a place in Westminster Abbey, and every year he lived would have deserved it better," His tablet on the south wall of the South Transept was placed by the most artistic of his admirers—Sir Joshua Roynolds—the inscription composed by tife most learned Doctor Johnson.

Johnson himself, the giant of that illustrious company, was next to fall. He rosts near the foot of Shakespeare's monument, close to the coffin of his friend Garrick, and over his grave is placed a large, blue flagstone with his name and age. Within a fow feet of Johnson lines (by one of those striking conlactidences in which the Abbey abounds) his deadly enemy, James Meepherson, the author or editor of Ossian. Near by is the brilliant dramatist; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whose death in extreme poverty and subsequent gorgeous interment in the Abbey avoked from a French journal the remark; "France is the place for a man of letters to live in and England the place for him to die in."

and song. Nicholas Rowe, whose widow's grief:

"With tears inscribes this monumental stone.

That holds thy ashes and expects her own."

yet who within the year married Colonel Deane! St. Evremonde, patriarch of the wits of Charles II.'s reign; Brown, the satirist and essayist.

Only in the last century appeared in Poet's Corner the image of the great Mr. Addison. Skilfully graven, representing the same we conceive him, as we conceive him, clad in his him, as we conceive him, clad in his

Three-Year-Old With a Tongue

Three-Year-Old With a 1 ongue.
Little Rejane Lea, who resides with her parents in York road, Lambeth, is something of a "wonder child." She speaks as many languages as she is years of ago.
Although not quite three, Rajane prattles fluently in French, Italian and English. In addition, the baby linguist has invented a mixture of the three languages—a sort of "Esperanto"—which she addresses exclusively to her dolls.
Rejane was born in Cairo. Her mother is French and her father Italian. She converses with both parents in their na-

Rejane was born in Cairo. Her moder is French and her father Italian. She converses with both parents in their native languages. A few months ago Rejant was brought to London and placed in the care of a nurse whose linguistic attainments are inflexibly limited to English. Rejane is a dainty, sprightly little niss with riven black tresses. She explained last evening that "it was very dull having no one to converse with. It got very lone," in time. Just fancy nurse not bein; able to speak either French or Italian, and she is years and years older than I am! Well, I felt I must speak to some one or die! So I set to work and learned English."

English is now Rejane's favorite language.

unge.
When, in a few weeks, Rejane reaches
her third year she is to begin learning
Geman. Afterwal. she will be taught
Arabic. Her father is an accomplished linguist, so Rejane's is evidently a case of hereditary talent.—London Daily Matl.



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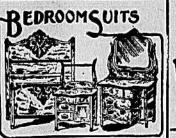
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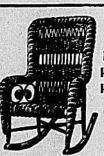
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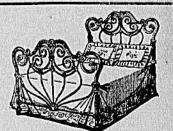
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## WHIMS OF THE IDLER What's Doing in the Country.

day of resurrection, the best of all that fall to the lot of the country storekeeper. And here's one who thinks that nothing can be too good for this patient, longsuffering, much-abused and ill-rewarded class of money-makers, or rather money hunters.

good-wanted to have the almost positive assurance of a certain and rich rewar coin of the realm and establish mysel as a merchant on the rural cross-roads start "merchandizing" in the hope of peace and case and wealth and comfor and rest. Quite the contrary. The minute I knocked the head off the first barfirst bucolic fly, I would know that I had opened a trouble bureau and that from that hour on to my final gasp, I would be a human sacrifice.

Trouble comes to all of us in great big gobs when we go after the dollar, Sometimes we get it in hunks and sometimes we get it in chunks. At any rate we never quite escape it. But to the genius of the country cross-roads store it is shipped in car load lots or hauled overland in Studebaker wagons or brought in person by countless individual natives. Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell and Job his boils, but your rural merchant gets the whole combination all in one. Or rather, he has every sort of human pest and it is not unreasonable to suppose that where everything else goes wrong, the boils

Not far to the rear is the barrel of disemboweled drab mackerel, which pass their monstrous days in the briny depths of the rock-salt, and have naught to hope for save the possibility of outdoing in popularity the wholesome, domestic red herring across the way. A little to the front—usually on the porch of the "emportum"—are the coops of captive chickens, perpetually terrified by the sniffings of curious hound dogs. In their peculiar way, the chicken coops, whether freighted with their fluttering prisoners portum"—are the coops of captive chickens, perpetually terrified by the sufflings of curlous hound dogs. In their peculiar way, the chicken coops, whether freighted with their fluttering prisoners or emptied by the voraclous demands of "protracted meetings," are quite as "smelly" as the sugar and the mackrail or the herring and the kerosene oil. But why differentiate between the odors? On a rainy day the smells all become blended in one grand, crescendo olfactory harmony, which plays on the human nose like the fiftul zephyrs on an Aelian harp. Such is a skeleton sketch of the country merchants' stock, or rather, the mere vertebra of [t, for did he fall to carry a million other things his store would he as useless as patent leather shoes for a noctunal coon-hunt or a Tuxodo coat a noctunal coon-hunt or a Tuxedo coat for a day's work at plowling. Remember, please, that the mundane saint must eater to a thousand whims of a thousand natives, who regard him as a public servant, gifted with a sort of second-sight that enables him to know their every wish and every thought. To the country merchant come all classes—high, low, rich and good, the da and the young, the and poor, the old and the young, the black and the white and the yellow.

black and the white and the yellow.

Worse still, there must be a multiplicity of goods to suit the inexplicable vagarious of That sex which in the commercial world is notoriously "uncertain, coyand hard to please," However, latent may be one's trading instincts one may learn in a groundhog case, to buy and sell the phiegmatic mackerel, the sluggish sorghum, the unpretentious horse-collar or the malicious, blood-thirsty. gish sorghum, the unpretentious horse-collar or the malicious, blood-thirsty, barbwire. But think of the subtle cun-ning, the all-penetrating wisdom and the abnormal knowledge of feminine nature required for the judicious selection of cheap millinery, attractive bolts of call-co, lawn and fiannel, or a seductive ar-ray of ribbon spools. Goodness, good-ness, goodness!! A job lot of assorted crowns ought to be distributed among the country store-keepers to-day-now, right

everything else goes wrong, the bolls are mightly apt to be thrown in, too. At any rate, with all the rest of his affile-tions, the bolls won't make much difference one way or the other.

To the city man who goes to the country with eighten different kinds of negligee shirts, plenty of good whiskey and a ratiroad tick in land him back in town two hours after the rustle verning store to biling too hard, there is something very picturesque about a cross-roads store.

To begin with, the heterogeaeous stack of such "emportumes" is always lime, the clothese of the contrast for such "emportumes" is always lime, the clothese of these mundances after the rustle verning states of such "emportumes" is always lime, the clothese of these mundances after the rustle verning states of such "emportumes" is always lime, the clothese of the seminated by the saints one, in addition to everything else, must be a Napoleon of finance, a phillantholic as politician, a quast lawyer, a direct class mechanic, a pretty good doctor, a horse expert and a father concessor. The rural merchant, too, must also should be a considered and harnees and agricultural implements. Then, too, there is that class of ponderous, aromatic, indispensable merchant, and the little niggers, the mask of the customer or injuring the skins to warm the solve and content of the mandal standing of the house, has with a must be a sherp at the customer or injuring the them to contents of interval to a content, and the little niggers, the still of the customer or injuring the customer or injuring the customer or injuring the financial fact of the mover of the search of the sountry store-keepers to-day-now, right country store-keepers to-day-now, right cou

But what are lightning calculations or perilous walks through intricate frac-tional labyrinths in comparison with that

exercise of sound judgment required, when Old Man Crookshanks whose lands have been hopelessly punctured by crawfish, galled by the brolling sun and smothered by mortgages, asks eight months' time on his fertilizer.

Talk about nuts to crack—here's one. Like all the myriad band of the impecunious, Old Man Crookshanks is quiveringly sensitive and though he were buried as deep in mortgages as a moth in a feather bed, it would never occur to him that he should not be classified as a good "risk."

And he's not the only one who keeps the

And he's not the only one who keeps t

country store all life's little trageness and comedies are enacted. Years roll by, but the scene rarely changes. It defies progress and clings to its deliclous individuality. True, the seasons paint their own portraits in inimitable colors on the surrounding landscape and these colors, in a way, are reflected within the walls of the store. But that is all. In the springtime, which, by the way, is hentime, more eggs are to be bartered. In the radiant, glided summertime the rapidly decomposing vegetable, of which watermelon is king, clamors at the "emporlum" for material recognition. Ere the cymblin, the tomate and the roasting ear have been exchanged for the plebald strip of savory bacen, the imprisoned chinkapin bursts from its bristly prison and proclaims the advent of autumn. Then come hundreds of fruits of the soil to the country store and the lightning calculator must work overtime and haggle pertinaciously in his vexatious bargains. That is the fleeting time of plenty—of complacently full stomachs. Last of all cones that paralysing season so dreaded in the country—desolate, money-eating, remorseless winter, whose insatiable maw the wisest and most prudent can barely fill.

Now, indeed, the financial fate of the emporlum hangs in the balance for much

nervous urban bread-winners cannot un

witably come, and when it does will be pastured high up amon sep as far from the goats as



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